THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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LINDOR TO CAROLINE.

CONTAINING THE STORY OF

PHILANDER AND HONORIA.

I FELICITATE you on the happy event of the arrival of your brother, and feel myself entitled to a participation with the rest of his friends in the general joy. I read, with much pleasure, and equal anxiety, his little adventure, and can conceive, by my own feelings, the force of his. Delia has made too deep an incision in my heart to be soon healed, yes! the wound will accompany me to the silent tomb. Until the blood shall cease to glow in my veins, the name of Delia will be remembered. I sometimes meet with her at concerts and balls, but a lover's fears restrain and prevent the discovery of his wishes, and the overwhelmings of his heart are silently endured. The blood in burning torrents flows, and sometimes an ebullition takes place, though the fair Delia be unmindful of the cause, and the constant misery of her adorer.

I feel a just sense of my obligation for your partial correspondence, and am duly impressed with the purity of your intentions, and the genuine goodness of your heart, where generous sentiments dwell. Be assured that I know how to appreciate the words your lips impart. The rose may fade and the lily die, but the laurel that shall decorate the temples of any one, by you bestowed, shall be immortal.

I have experienced the want of a father. I was young and ignorant of the worth of a tender parent when I was deprived of mine. I have reflected on my loss with deep sensibility; frequently have I envied the fortunate lot of others, more favoured in this respect, by the Most High.

The occurrences of human life, however pleasurable and full of mirth, are not always so favorable as to secure from causes of the most real grief, a mind susceptible of impressions of the tender passion of virtuous love. To love without return, is hard and cruel; pitiable and unenviable, indeed, is the lot of him, who falls within the limits of this description; his fate is severe, and his future prospects of felicity but very small. Happy he, who, in these moments finds a friend, to whom he may impart his grief, and receive consolation from a sympathizing heart. Happy the man who possesses fortitude firm enough to banish from his mind the tormenting idea, and drive from his imagination the object of his woe, but transcendantly more happy, the man who is fortunate enough to fix his choice on a person not ungrateful to the sentiments her worth inspires. Warmed with congenial transports, the friendly spark is gently fanned, until blazing into a flame of mutual affection, Hymen crowns them happy, and their terrestial felicity terminates alone in death. It is, however, a melancholy truth, that the connubial state is unfortunately too often attended with undesirable, I wont say unavoidable, hapless moments of disputes and animosities, which ought never to enter therein. Deception on either hand may take place before the gordian knot is tied; and, above every thing, disappointment in the temper, disposition and real merits, is ever to be deplored and lamented; they form a source of continual rancour, and are the bane of harmonious agreement and conjugal love. A man cannot conceal his real temper from the world; he cannot dissemble altogether his true character; a female can in a great measure; seen by few persons, she may appear charming, while she is in fact quite the reverse, and by a continual chain of duplicity and artful affability, captivate an unhappy victim, to partake in the inherent misery, nature had intended for her alone. But these instances are rare in happy America. Her daughters are virtuous as fair. The lustre of whose charms shine resplendent in the face of day, and the lucid brightness of their characters, form the devoted object of heaven's care.

I would never make interest a prevailing motive for a change of condition, nor would I advise any one to aspire at the attainment of a person above the sphere of life in which he is placed by the opinion of the surrounding world; disappointment is too often the consequence, and sometimes misery results from the unhoped-for denial. The man who marries from interest alone, finds out pretty generally the error of his choice, and meets sooner or later with just cause of repentance, especially should misfortunes happen, which none are altogether exempt from. It is absolutely necessary that there should be a competency, without which the expectations are very confined. A pretty girl, or a pretty fellow, form no sufficient food for sustenance, by no manner of means. I seldom knew love to be durable where the means of subsistence were wanting; at most, it is a very rare case. An union of this kind adds misery to want, and makes penury the wretched condition of at least two persons, when one alone might have been the subject. I would not be understood as having a positive aversion to matrimony; the feelings of my heart evince the reverse. I should be happy in being the cause of its promotion on principles of a general happiness and general good.

A young man, as soon as he finds himself established in business, provided he meets with a person of amiable qualities, whose esteem he can flatter himself with, and with whom he has every ground to promise himself future felicity, I think does perfectly right in entering into the connubial state; his generous companion is the soother of his sorrows and the partner of his joy. If she is well disposed to his interest and her own, she will calculate the income of her husband, and from annual, reduce it to diurnal, and never extend her daily expenses beyond his real earnings, but by frugality and decent economy, endeavour that at the close of the year he shall find a favourable difference in his affairs, and a recompense and a reward for his past and incessant toils and industrious labours. If she is a woman of good conduct and sense, she will be careful what debts she contracts on her husband's account; she will be cautious of running into extravagancies to equal her neighbours and acquaintances in finery, superfluous dress, and unnecessary furniture. She will be neat and clean in her attire, and her apartments will evince the good house-wife and the devoted mistress of her family. Thus frugality and well meditated economy will procure to them lasting joy and durable felicity, exceeding by far the brilliancy of

a moment, or the torpid and lifeless duration of a few days pleasure, too frequently the source of endless pain.

In this country we are born to inherit an equal proportion of our parents' fortune at their decease, provided our conduct does not render us unworthy their care. By this means a large estate is subject to being divided into many hands; thence the basis of equality and the incitement to industry and caution: and the example of frugality may operate with the same if not superior force, in preserving the respectability of families in this country, as the pernicious custom of inheritance, which the laws have established in some parts of Europe, are capable of doing. But even the mildest laws, and customs the most generous and well founded, will not alone insure and maintain respectability. Virtue and good morality are necessary. These are the most munificent guardians, these the consolations of a dying parent. Precepts may be futile and examples vague, when the mind is not prone to virtue. It therefore is a parent's duty to early infuse into the minds of his offspring a just idea of their expectations and their situation in life, and prepare them by an education calculated to the part they are to act, upon the grand theatre of the world. A liberal and extensive education is not always attended with success, even in the superior walks of life; and I think they must be often still less so, in the more humble. A young man with no rich protector, when he comes from college, is very often destitute; he is obliged to become schoolmaster in some small village, the fees of which will not always produce sufficient for his support: this is discouraging to a genius that might have been better employed in tilling the ground, and making improvements in agriculture, which he is now by the brilliancy of his education and perhaps false ideas of his talents, led to regard as below the sphere in life which nature had designed him for. Long accustomed to a life of ease, he despises laborious employments, and the wrong notions his education has induced him to imbibe, become the source of his wretchedness, and deprives his country of otherwise a valuable subject and the prospect of a flourishing posterity. Thus population is cramped.

Agriculture and manufactures are the substantial riches of a state, they ought to go hand in hand in promotion. These are the sources of commerce, and when the former are encouraged and protected, the latter will consequently flourish & improve.

The disconsolate heart and the gnawings of conscience, resulting from a wrong decision in Lavina, exhibited in your *Nymph af the Grove*, prove that a female, left as Lavina was, cannot be too cautious in disposing of herself. Her affections, however, excite commisseration; they were kindly relieved by the generous Sylvander. A young lady at the age of Lavina, coming into the world, with which she was before almost entirely unacquainted, must have experienced emotions altogether strange, and it is not surprizing, that a mind, uncultivated and inexperienced, should be led away from the object who warmed her youthful heart. Though it discovers little firmness and some caprice, yet it can be easily conceived of. But this was not the case with Honoria, the worthy and generous consort of Philander. Honoria was the daughter of a rich merchant in America, whose generous heart and hospitable board, were the resorts of the afflicted and unfortunate: whose soul was formed for the relief of the distressed, and in whose bosom the warm sentiments of friendship dwelt. Born and brought up in affluence, he educated his only daughter agreeable to his station in life, and the expectations his fortune allowed her to look forward to. She is amiable and discreet, kind, compassionate and possessing charms personal and mental. The smiles and the graces are her companions, and the loves her protectors. The father of Honoria, whom we shall here call Mercator, had taken Philander, an orphan, whose education devolved on relations who were not unmindful of their charge. They furnished him with learning sufficient for a counting-house, and at a proper age good fortune directed the kind hand of Mercator to take Philander, into the bosom of his family. Honoria was then at an age when those sentiments which have since expanded and allayed unmeasurable sorrows, began to take root in her heart. She saw Philander with no indifference; innocence was painted on his brow, simplicity, artless affability, and obliging manners, evinced the sincerity of a mind which his outward deportment announced. Qualities like these could not escape the already penetrating eye of Honoria; she determined to be the friend of Philander; a mutual confidence soon took place, and from friendship, which grew up with them, resulted the purest love. When Philander had attained his twenty-first year, he retired from the house of his friend to enter into business in a town some ways distant from that of his protector; but not before giving him the most demonstrable assurances of his obligations and the indelible impressions his generous and kind partiality had made on his heart. When he comes to take leave of the lovely Honoria, the recollection of past pleasures and the confidential friendship that had so early enkindled and united their affections, served to augment the natural regret of his departure, and cause the moment of their separation to be equally painful and unhappy. Mercator was not unknowing to their friendship, and suspected their mutual attachment; but far from being disposed to suppress, he watched the spontaneous flame, and promoted the object of his generosity by by setting him forward in business and making him still his care. An explanation had long before taken place between the lovers, and they swore to each other at the shrine of Philander's departed father, that their hearts should never swerve, and when mountains and lakes should intercept them, the pen should become subservient to oral intercourse. Philander, by his industry and strict economy, soon acquired a handsome property, and his business daily increased. During his absence Mercator died, and left his daughter chief heiress to his large fortune; but by some fatality, at this important and afflicting period, the letters of Honoria were intercepted, and their enemies, to effect certain purposes, gave rise to reports equally painful to both lovers. The business of Philander at this time happened to call him near to the capital, the former residence of his departed friend, and he was there informed of his death. Greatly alarmed at the melancholy news, he flew to his mistress, and with her's mixed the tear of sympathy and sorrow. He was soon made acquainted with the vile purposes of his enemies, and controverted all their infamous intrigues, and at a proper time the angelic Honoria granted her hand, and presented her fortune, to the grateful object of so rich a prize.

VOLTAIRE.

When *a candle* burns and gives light to a house, many wonderful things contribute to the phænomenon. The fat of the animal is the work of the Creator, or the wax of the bee is made by his teaching; the wick is from the vegetable wool of a singular exotic tree, much labour of man is concerned in the composition, and the elements that inflame it, are those by which the world is governed. But after all this apparatus, a child or a fool may put it out; and then boast that the family are left in darkness, and are running against one another. Such is the mighty atchievement of Mr. Voltaire as to religion; but with this difference, that what is *real darkness* is by him called *illumination*, and there is no other between the two cases.

Biography.

[We shall now comply with the urgent solicitations of our friends, and fulfil our promise to the public, by presenting them with a biographical account of the poet CHATTERTON, another genius of Bristol growth. We do not recollect of perusing a more singular character. In his disposition we trace the strong characteristics of genius. Though born of obscure parents, and educated by the parish, his mind was dignified and spirited. He was of the sanguineous habit; warm, impetuous, and melancholy. Early in life he conceived a dislike for this world, and a disgust at many of its inhabitants. His mind was fashioned in the finest mould, and his heart was made of "penetrable stuff." Situated as he was, and composed of such materials, he put in practice his rash determination, and quickly passed the bourn of time. Reader! if thou hast an heart to feel, or an eye to weep, let them perform the functions of their office.... they will be honourable testimonies of your worth. Let it be your pride to rescue future Chattertons; and, when genius shall ask your aid, think of the unfortunate subject of this memoir, and let your hand perform what your heart directs.]

MEMOIRS OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THIRTY-ONE years have now elapsed, since the unhappy exit of the subject of these memoirs, and since thirteen publications contested or supported the authenticity of Rowley's poems. At this distance of time, when the interests and rancour of controversy are supposed to rest, guided by the light of candour, it may be possible to form an unbiassed opinion on the merits and pretensions of Chatterton.

His short but eventful life commenced on the 20th of November, 1752, in Pyle-street, Bristol. At five years old, he was committed to the care of a Mr. Love, and by him remanded to his mother as a dull boy, incapable of improvement. "Nothing is more fallacious, says Dr. Gregory, than the judgments which are formed, during infancy, of the future abilities of youth. Mrs. Chatterton was rendered extremely unhappy by the apparently tardy understanding of her son, till *he fell in love*, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which enabled her, by taking advantage of his momentary passion, to initiate him in the alphabet. She taught him afterwards to read from an old black-lettered testament, or bible. Perhaps the bent of most men's studies may, in some measure, be determined by accident, and frequently in very early life; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, that his peculiar attachment to antiquities may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this little circumstance."

The narrow means of his parents, precluded him from the advantages of liberal instruction; and between the years of seven and eight, he was admitted into Colston's charity-school at Bristol. In July 1767, he left school, and his acquirements are thus described. Some knowledge of music, probably derived from the rudiments of vocal music taught charity boys. A taste for drawing, which he afterwards greatly improved; and the usher of the school asserted he had made a rapid progress in arithmetic. During this period, Chatterton had manifested a strong inclination for satirical poetry, in several detached pieces; and, from his confirmation by the bishop, which took place before he quitted the school, some specimens of a sacred kind, in verses on the last day, a paraphrase of the ninth chapter of Job, and some parts of Isaiah. None of these compositions, however, indicated the muse of Rowley; though viewed as the efforts of childhood, they are marks of real talent. But it is in his disposition we trace the strong characteristics of genius. Spirited, melancholy, and dignified, he could not brook the indignities of his new situation. Apprenticed by the parish, to Mr. Lambert, attorney of Bristol, he slept in the same room with the foot-boy, exposed to the usual jeers of ignorance. Yet, from eight in the morning till eight at night, he constantly attended the business of his master's office, who gave him an exemplary character for temperance and industry; and, in the possession of Mr. Lambert, is a large folio book, containing three hundred and forty-four pages of precedents, closely written, and another of thirty pages, both the work of Chatterton.

About a year after his apprenticeship, in October 1768, on completing the new bridge at Bristol, there appeared in Farley's Bristol Journal, "Description of the Fryars passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript." So singular a memoir excited much curiosity; but the printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it. After great enquiry, it was discovered that the manuscript was brought by a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, of the name of Thomas Chatterton. "To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account. By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared willing to give all the information in his power. He at first alledged, that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. On being further pressed, he at last informed the enquirers, that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church." This account has been mostly confirmed by a laborious examination of facts. Chatterton's father had covered the school-books with several pieces of parchment, taken from Canynge's chest, which first led his son to a discovery of their value. When sensible of the importance of the acquisition, Chatterton searched every part of the house for any remaining papers, and even visited the room from whence his father had first taken them, to secure the ungathered fragments. For a circumstantial account of "Canynge's cofre," we must refer the reader to Dr. Gregory's Life of Chatterton.

The appearance of the paper in Farley's Journal becoming the subject of general conversation, procured Chatterton many acquaintances; to one of whom, Mr. Catcott, he readily gave, without any reward, "The Bristow Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph on Mr. Canynge's ancestor, with some smaller pieces. Mr. Barrett, also, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, and a man of letters, projecting a history of his native city, having obtained the pieces in Mr. Catcott's possession, patronized the discoverer of them. In his first conversations with Mr. Catcott, he mentioned the names of most of the poems since printed, as being in his possession; but afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved, and it was with difficulty, that any more originals could be obtained from him. He confessed to Mr. Catcott, that he had destroyed several; and some which he owned to have been in his possession, were never afterwards seen.

His sister remarks, that after he was introduced to these gentlemen, his ambition daily and perceptibly increased: yet

some of his latter compositions demonstrate, that he was not thoroughly satisfied with his Bristol patrons; and Mr. Thistlethwaite does not hesitate to assert, that he felt himself greatly disappointed in his expectations of pecuniary rewards for his communications.

In the course of the years 1768, and 1769, Mr. Thistlethwaite frequently saw him, and describes, in a lively manner, the employment of his leisure hours. "One day," says Mr. T. "he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits, the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed amidst the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these, in an instant, again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric." Such is the useless indefatigability of genius! daring in its plans, but inconstant in its pursuits.

Chatterton had conceived an early disgust against the profession of the law; and, by an application, in March 1769, to the hon. Horace Walpole, attempted to emerge into greatness. Mr. Walpole, lately deceived with the *Ossian* of M'Pherson, referred the inspection of Chatterton's pacquet to Mr. Gray and to Mr. Mason, and those gentlemen, at first sight, pronounced them forgeries. Walpole, though convinced of the imposture, could not but admire the spirit of poetry, which animated these productions. He, however, answered the applicator, by advising him to apply to his profession as the only and certain means of obtaining the independence he sought. This produced "a peevish reply," which Mr. Walpole answered by taking a trip to Paris. On his return, which was not for some time, he found another epistle, from Chatterton, expressive of much resentment, on account of the detention of his poems, roughly demanding them back, and adding, "that Mr. Walpole would not have *dared* to use him so ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." The consequence was such as might be expected. Mr. Walpole returned his poems and his letters in a blank cover, and never afterwards heard from him or of him during his life. The affront was never forgiven by the disappointed poet; and, in the memoirs of a Sad Dog, under the character of "the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures," perhaps it is more than repaid.

(To be continued.)

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XVI.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

"Great Homer, too, appears of daring wing
"Parent of song!"——

THOMSON.

HAVING in a former number delineated the *Iliad* of this ancient bard, we proceed to his other famous poem, *The Odyssey*, which abounds with picturesque scenes and animated descriptions. Perusing one great work of an author, a powerful curiosity is excited, and we are eager to become acquainted with those other productions which fell from his pen. Genius seldom flows in one solitary channel; but is like a generous stream which shoots forth into various directions, thus variegating and enriching the adjacent country.

The Iliad and the Odyssey differ from each other in certain essential circumstances. The former glows with the energy of war, the latter exhibits incidents of a more calm and pacific kind. The one holds up to our admiration the heroes of antiquity scattering thunder and lightning upon their foes, whilst the other breathes amity and peace by delineating the adventures of an unfortunate prince, who had been long absent from his native land.

It will be proper to inform the reader of the general incidents of the Odyssey, by which his mind will be prepared to accompany us in our subsequent criticism. Without a close attention to the plot of an epic poem, it is impossible to decide fairly on its merits.

The poet's design in the Odyssey was to paint the miseries of a kingdom in the absence of its supreme governor, and the evil consequences resulting from a disregard of law, and of that subordination without which society cannot exist. With this view he sets before his countrymen the adventures of a prince who had been obliged to forsake his native country, and to head an army of his subjects in a foreign expedition; and he artfully contrives, without interrupting the narrative, to make the reader acquainted with the state of the country in the absence of its sovereign. The Chief having gloriously finished the enterprise in which he was engaged, was returning with his army; but, in spite of all his eagerness to be at home, he was detained on the way by tempests for several years, and cast upon several countries, differing from each other in manners and in government. In these dangers his companions, not strictly obeying his orders, perish through their own fault. In the meantime, the grandees of his country abuse the freedom which his absence gave them, consume his estate, conspire to destroy his son, endeavour to compel his queen to accept one of them for her husband, and indulge themselves in every species of violence, from a persuasion he would never return. In this they were disappointed. He returns; and, discovering himself only to his son, and some others who had maintained their allegiance, he is an eye-witness of the insolence of his enemies, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island that tranquillity and repose to which it had been a stranger during the many years of his absence.

Such, in a few words, is the plot or fable of the *Odyssey*. Here is evidently not the same scope which we discerned in the *Iliad* for sublimity. The angry gods.... the ensanguined foes....the destroying battles....the hurrying fugitives, and the clamorous victors, have little or no share in this pacific composition.

The incidents of this poem, which have been already detailed, though they afford no scope for sublime flights, yet yield an immense variety. Every book opens with some new scene, and presents some pleasing view of human nature. Interesting stories and beautiful descriptions are interspersed throughout, and no person can peruse the piece without acknowledging that he has received from it a considerable portion of instruction and entertainment. We cannot but be impressed with the vast genius of the author, who describes his hero in every situation with exquisite propriety, and conducts him through every vicissitude with a consciousness of an intrinsic dignity. His almost endless adventures shew great energy of fancy, and a profound acquaintance with the emotions of the human heart. The *wandering Ulysses* is, in all his peregrinations, suitably characterised, and in *him* we contemplate a superior mind, bravely contending with the blasts of adversity. A worthy character, rising above his misfortunes, was deemed by Seneca a spectacle worthy of being contemplated by the gods themselves.

The design of the Odyssey is thus faithfully related by Homer in the very first lines of the poem:—

The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, Oh! muse resound;
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred *Troy*, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall;
Wandering from clime to clime observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd:
On stormy seas unnumbered toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore;
Vain toils! their impious folly dared to prey,
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive, doom'd them never more,
Ah, men unbless'd! to touch that natal shore;
O! snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial muse! and to our world relate.

POPE'S HOMER.

When Ulysses descended into the shades (which descent is recorded in the 11th book), how affectingly is the ghost of Ajax described:—

Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade the *sullen Ajax* stood:
For ever sad, with proud disdain he pin'd,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind:
Tho' to the contest *Thetis* gave the laws,
And *Pallas* by the *Trojans* judg'd the cause.
O! why was I victorious in the strife?
O! dear bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles dy'd!
Touch'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein;
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,
With accents mild, th' inexorable ghost:—
Still burns thy rage? And can brave souls resent
Even after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
Perish those arms, which by the gods decree,
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; *Greece* wept thy hapless fates,
And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states,
Not more when great *Achilles* prest the ground,
And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
O! deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated *Greece*, and punish'd *Greece* in thee!
Turn, then, Oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.
While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and *sullen* stalks away!

The silence of Ajax was much admired by the ancients, and Longinus proposes it as an instance where sublimity of thought is exemplified. For here it springs not from the diction, but from a genuine elevation of soul. Rapin also lavishes his commendations on the above eloquent passage; and indeed the silence of Ajax, which Homer has so well described, may be deemed pregnant with expression.

In the 17th book occurs another scene of domestic kind, which hath been much admired both in ancient and modern times. When Ulysses, after some years absence, returns to his country, his *faithful dog* knew him, and the scene is thus delineated:—

Thus near the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of his voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by *Ulysses*, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him his swiftness and his strength were vain,
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
He knew his lord, he knew and strove to meet,
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet all he could, his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys;
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head and dry'd
The drop human, then thus impassion'd cry'd:—
"What noble beast in this abandon'd state,
"Lies here all helpless at *Ulysses'* gate?
"His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise,
"If as he seems, he was, in better days,
"Some care his age deserves; or was he priz'd
"For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd!
"Such dogs and *men* there are, *mere things of state*,
"And always cherish'd by their friends, if GREAT!"
The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when tedious twenty years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen *him* dies;—
So clos'd, for ever, faithful *Argus'* eyes!

Of this poem, these passages afford an ample specimen, and the whole, excepting a very few parts, are indicative of the genius of Homer. It is not, indeed, in so great repute as that of the Iliad; but Dr. Blair remarks:—"That though it wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad, yet at the same time it possesses so many beauties as to be justly entitled to high praise. It is a very amusing poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad. We see every where the same description and dramatic genius, and the same fertility of invention that appears in the other work. It descends, indeed, from the dignity of gods and heroes, and warlike atchievments; but in recompence, we have more pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with the most amiable images of hospitality and humanity, entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landscape of nature, and instructs us by a constant vein of morality and virtue which runs through the poem."

"Longinus's criticism upon it," adds Dr. Blair, with great justice, "is not without foundation, that Homer, in the Odyssey, may be compared to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains without the heat of his meridian beams."

It scarcely need be observed, that Mr. Pope has translated this poem with his accustomed elegance and propriety.

For the character of *Penelope*, the wife of Ulysses, which is charmingly described, and for other similar beauties, we must refer to the work itself.

INSTRUCTIONS

PREPARATORY TO THE MARRIED STATE.

(From Lord Kames's loose Hints upon Education.)

PUBERTY, when new appetites and desires spring up, is the precious time for lecturing your male pupil on the choice of a companion for life; no other branch of education is of deeper concern. Instil into his heart, that happiness in the married state depends not on riches nor on beauty, but on good sense and sweetness of temper. Let him also keep in view, that, in a married women, the management of domestic affairs, and the education of children, are indispensable duties. He will never tire of such conversation; and, if he has any degree of sensibility, it will wake such an impression as to guard him against a hasty choice. If not well guarded, he will probably fall a prey to beauty or other external qualifications, of little importance in the matrimonial state. He sets his heart on a pretty face, or a sprightly air: he is captivated by a good singer or a nimble dancer; and his heated imagination bestows on the admired object every perfection. A young man, who has profited by the instructions given him, is not so easily captivated. The picture of a good wife is fixed in his mind: and he compares with it every young woman he sees. 'She is pretty, but has she good sense? She has sense, but is she well-tempered? She dances elegantly, or sings with expression, but is she not vain of such trifles?' Judgment and sagacity will produce a deliberate choice: love will come with marriage; and in that state it makes an illustrious figure. After proper instruction, let the young man be at full liberty to chuse for himself. In looking about where to apply, he cannot be better directed, than to a family where the parents and children live in perfect harmo-

ny, and are fond of one another. A young women of such a family seldom fails to make a good wife.

Beauty commonly is the first thing that attracts; and yet ought rather to be avoided in a wife. It is a dangerous property tending to corrupt her mind, though it soon looses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose nor their influence like beauty: at the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband perhaps more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.

From the making choice of a wife we proceed to the making choice of a husband. Mothers and nurses are continually talking of marriage to their female pupils, long before it is suggested by Nature; and it is always a great estate, a fine coat, or a gay equipage that is promised. Such objects impressed on the mind of a child will naturally bias her to a wrong choice when she grows up. Let her never hear of marriage but as proper for men and women; Nature will suggest it to a young woman, perhaps sooner than she is capable of making a prudent choice. Neglect not at that time to talk to her of a comfortable companion for life. Let her know, that she will be dispised if she marry below her rank; that happiness, however,depends not on dignity, nor on riches, but on the husband's good temper,sobriety and industry, joined with a competency. At the same time, to prevent a rash choice, make it a frequent subject of conversation, that marriage is a hazardous step, especially for the female sex, as an error in choosing an husband admits no remedy; that the duties of a married women are burdensome, the comforts not always corresponding.

But now, supposing a young woman perfectly tractable, no means ought to be neglected, for making her an useful and agreeable companion in the matrimonial state. To make a good husband is but one branch of a man's duty; but it is the chief duty of a woman to make a good wife. To please her husband, to be a good economist, and to educate their children, are capital duties, each of which requires much training. Nature lays the foundation: diligence and sagacity in the conductor will make a beautiful superstructure. The time a girl bestows on her doll is a prognostic that she will be equally diligent about her offspring.

Women, destined by Nature to be obedient, ought to be disciplined early to bear wrongs, without murmuring. This is a hard lesson; and yet it is necessary even for their own sake: sullenness or peevishness may alienate the husband; but tend not to soothe his roughness, nor to moderate his impetuosity. Heaven made women insinuating, but not in order to be cross: it made them feeble, not in order to be imperious: it gave them a sweet voice, not in order to scold: it did not give them beauty, in order to disfigure it by anger.

But, after all, has Nature dealt so partially among her children, as to bestow on the one sex absolute authority, leaving nothing to the other but absolute submission? This indeed has the appearance of great partiality. But let us ponder a little. —Has a good woman no influence over her husband? I answer, that that very simple virtue of submission can be turned to good account. A man, indeed, bears rule over his wife's person and conduct: his will is law. Providence, however, has provided her with mens to bear rule over his will. He governs by law, she by persuasion. Nor can her influence ever fail, if supported by sweetness of temper and zeal to make him happy. Rousseau says charmingly, 'Her's is a sovereignty founded on complacence and address: caresses are her orders, tears are her menaces. She governs in the family as a Minister does in the state, procuring commands to be laid on her, for doing what she inclines to do.'

All beings are fitted by nature for their station. Domestic concerns are the province of the wife; and Natnre prompts young women to qualify themselves for behaving well in that station: young men never think of it. I know several ladies of good understanding, who, at the distance of weeks, can recall to memory the particulars of every dinner they had been invited to.

From a married woman engaged in family concerns, a more staid behaviour is expected, than from a young woman before marriage; and consequently a greater simplicity of dress. Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio and mother of the Gracchi, makes a figure in the Roman story. She was visited by a lady of rank, who valued dress, and was remarked for an elegant toilet. Observing every thing plain in Cornelia's apartment, 'Madam, says she, I wish to see your toilet, for it must be superb.' Cornelia waved the subject till her children came from school; 'These, my good friend, are my ornaments, and all I have for a toilet.' Here is displaying pure Nature in perfection. A girl begins with her doll, then thinks of adorning her own person. When she is married, her children become her dolls, upon whom all her taste in dress is displayed.

GOSSIPIANA.

NO. VI.

CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO.

AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo (says SONNINI) pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewed under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the *head*, the *arms*, and the *feet* are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular REPOSITORY of *dead friars*.

BAD LANGUAGE.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson spoke very *bad* French, and the present King of Denmark *worse* English. Some hours after the King and Sir Thomas had been together, Lord Chesterfield entered, and with a very grave face condoled with Sir Thomas on the misunderstanding between him and the King. The astonished knight protested there was no truth whatever in the report, which Lord Chesterfield in-

terrupted, by saying:—"Confess or deny, Sir Thomas, as you please; but every one knows there was *much bad language* passed between you!"

ELEGANT EAR-RINGS.

Capt. Stout mentions, that when the Hercules was wrecked on the coast of Caffraria, the Chief gave him a bullock for himself and crew; in return for which the Captain presented him with a pair of *paste knee-buckles*, which the Chief immediately fastened to his ears by means of loops. The moment this was done he stalked about with uncommon dignity, and his people paid him greater reverence!

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The temper of this great man was such, that no accident could disturb it. He had a favourite dog, which he called Diamond, and going out of his study into the next room Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find the dog had thrown down a lighted candle among some papers; the nearly-finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost reduced to ashes. This loss, as he was then in years, was irretrievable, yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: Oh! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

CHARACTER OF THE LATE DISCARDED POPE.

Dr. Moore, in his view of Italy, tells us:—"That Pius VI. (formerly Cardinal Beaschi) performs all the religious functions of his office in the most solemn manner. I lately happened to be at St. Peter's church when the Pope entered with very few attendants.—When he came to the statue of PETER he bowed, he knelt, he kissed the foot, then rubbed his brows and his whole head with marks of humility, fervour, and adoration upon the sacred stump. It is no more—one half of the foot having been worn away by the lips of the pious. The uncommon appearance of zeal in the Pope is not imputed to hypocrisy or to policy, but is supposed to proceed entirely from a conviction of the efficacy of these holy frictions: an opinion which has given people a much higher opinion of his faith than of his understanding."

CURIOUS MOTTO.

A wealthy tradesman setting up his carriage, applied to a learned friend for a motto, observing at the same time that he expected to be laughed at, but did not mind that. His friend gave him for a motto: *Quid rides?—Why laughest thou?* which equally divirted the English as well as the Latin readers.

New-York,

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1802.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A SUBSCRIBER" is informed that we are pleased with GOOD POETRY only. We acknowledge the justice of John Bull's retort to the Spanish Don; and, had their sentiments been cloathed in a dress of lighter hue, would have been more congenial to the Attic salt with which his piece abounds.

"ALPHONSO" is received. We would advise him to take more time with, and revise his productions. A want of method is discernable throughout; and the sentiment is not always equal to the imagery. Should he profit by these hints, we shall be thankful for his future favours.

"QUIZ" is under consideration. After we have quized him, he may, perhaps, quiz the public.

In casting our eyes over the various papers that daily come to hand, the following melancholy picture of distress presented itself in a Portsmouth (N. H.) paper:

'☞ A Subscription paper is lodged at TREADWELLS' Bookstore, for the relief of a WIDOW, the mother of NINE FATHERLESS CHILDREN; and approaching with the *tenth* to the hour of Nature's sorrow. Suffice it to say, that she is a *stranger* in a strange land; that her late *husband* was well known, and much respected in this town; that he unfortunately died insolvent; and that a *Mother!* a *Widow!* a *Stranger!* and *eight dependent* sons and daughters must take refuge in the last asylum of human woe, if BENEFICENCE does not afford relief. Every *Cent* will be received with gratitude, and faithfully accounted for, to the FATHERLESS, and the WIDOW.'

Who can read this and not feel the widow's sorrows? What man, possessing the least spark of sensibility, could behold this wretched group without imparting that aid which better fortune had put in his possession? What husband and father, after being told that a subscription was opened for their relief, could turn aside, and cooly "wish them better days?"

THE ROSE: A REFLECTION.

ADDRESSED TO MR. S——.

THIS morning it unfolded its beauty to the eastern sun; it exhaled its rich perfume—I beheld the beautiful flower with pleasure. A person past my window, and, no doubt, to please me, plucked it from the stalk. He gave it me; I placed it in my bosom. It faded—it died away—and when evening came it was no longer charming.

Vain man! in this flower thou mayest behold an emblem of thyself. Thou too in the morning of thy days was amiable. But when thou hadst arrived at mature age, then thou wast severed from conscious innocence; then thou didst imbibe the vices of the age. As the flower lost its crimson hue, thou wast fast losing thy hold of virtue. And as the rose had entirely faded, so rectitude, integrity, innocence, and every amiable virtue became strangers to thy heart, and left thee, entirely, *a man of the world.*

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.
COWPER.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening, the 26th ult. at Woodbury, (N. J.) Mr. WILLIAM MARCHON, aged sixty-seven years, to Miss ANN WATERS, aged sixteen.

At Philadelphia, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. ISAAC ADLEMAN, to Miss MARIA THOMPSON.

DIED,

On Tuesday evening, the 2d inst. Mr. DAVID M'KINSTER, formerly of Boston.

At Philadelphia, on the 24th ult. Mrs. HANNAH ALBERTI, wife of Dr. George F. Alberti.

On Wednesday, the 24th ult. Mr. WILLIAM CLIFTON.

On the 25th, Mr. GEORGE SCHLOSSER, aged 86 years.

At Philadelphia, Mr. PETER KNIGHT, aged 80 years.

Mr. FRANCIS MASON, a native of England.

At Borden-town, New-Jersey, Mrs. RUTH ALLISTON, aged 73 years.

PRINTING,

IN all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.

Parnassian Garland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

If the following "familiar epistles" possess sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in your Miscellany, they are much at your service. They are the effusions of the moment, occasioned by the Lady's having touched a poet's pen, and the Gentleman's sleeping in an authour's night-cap at a country recess.

P. Q.

A FAMILIAR

EPISTLE TO A GENTLEMAN,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING CLAUSE IN ONE OF HIS POETICAL LETTERS TO A LADY:

"*For husbands their voices resound.*"

SIR,

You will excuse the length of time*
Which pass'd since we receiv'd your rhyme,
Before that any did essay
To answer you in your own way.
I own, I read your letter o'er,
And might as well have writ before,
But thought myself was unconcern'd;
So silent was, until I learn'd
That some of our young female friends,
Desir'd you should be made amends,
For all the pains you had been at,
And I could not deny them that.
I therefore took my pen in hand,
And give you now to understand,
That whate'er might be your aim,
You little have incur'd but blame.
'Tis not your measure† gives offence,
But *this* they deem impertinence,
That you should tell them quite so plain,
They husbands so much wish to gain;
"Must we," say they, "such insults bear?
"So grating to our ears to hear!
"Injurious man! your proof produce,
"Or load us not with such abuse;
"'Gainst us a paltry charge you've brought,
"Of what we ne'er conceiv'd in thought."
Sir, had these thoughts occur'd to you,
And when your piece you did review,
Had you left out that faulty clause,
You might have met with more applause;
At least if you had not been prais'd,
You would have no resentment rais'd;
All other faults might be look'd by,
Or scan'd not with a critic's eye,
But this alone appears so vile,
That 'twould the best production spoil.
Now, Sir, I've finish'd my design,
Have told the truth in every line,
I hope no part will you offend,
Think not that I could so intend;
My only aim was those to please,
Whom what you said, did so much teaze,
And if I can accomplish this,
My time may not be spent amiss;
I know full well my parts are small,
Nor suited to this end at all,
Yet trusting none will this condemn,
Submit it now to you and them.

Your humble servant,

R. A.

* About two months, or nearly.

† The Gentleman had apologised for having paid no regard to measure in his lines.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES,

AND OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A GENTLEMAN.

Ladies, behold a volunteer
Undaunted in your cause appear!
Then deem them not intrusive lays,
That warble sweetly in your praise;
For with your champion, bold R. A.
Impulsive justice bids me say,
Those words are scandal that complain,
"You husbands so much wish to gain;"
Or that, at least, so plain you show it,
Since you so seldom let us know it.
Then I'll defensive intervene,
And shield you from the tailor's spleen.

When we review this earthly ball,
We find dame Nature reigns o'er all:
Then say, can ladies e'er commit
A fault, who to her laws submit.
Is there a stoic that complains—
If your warm blood, thro' azure veins,
Not slow in gelid currents glides,
But rushes in impetuous tides;
When you, in public, ne'er are found
"Your voices loudly to resound
"For husbands:" such a wish, the fair
But mutter in a secret pray'r;
For tho' they can't well do without them,
They seldom say too much about them.

Should thro' the ball-room e'er advance
A youth, conspicuous in the dance,
Adorn'd with every soft attraction,
While grace attends each pretty action:
Tho' transports in your bosoms glow,
Kind looks on him you ne'er bestow;
From him your downcast eyes you keep,
Unless you thro' your fan-sticks peep.
See the sweet nymph of gay sixteen,
Whose charms in ev'ry place are seen;
She thinks a thousand hearts should bleed,
And youths enamoured seek to lead
Her, raptur'd, on to nuptial joys,
And every coquet art employs.
Should she with disappointment languish,
She smooths the ruffled brow of anguish;
In public, smiles adorn her features,
She rails, and says, "the cruel creatures,
"With faithless vows will oft decoy
"The silly maid to transient joy,
"That fleeting leaves behind its sting.
"She hates the very name of wife,"
And boasts the joys of single life.
Tho', when alone, the pretty dear
Full oft will drop a mournful tear.

When a bold youth, delighted, sips
Hyblean sweets from ladies lips,
Tho' at each touch their hearts will jump,
High beating a responsive thump,
No pleasure glisten in their eyes,
But in their orbs forg'd lightnings rise:
Enraptur'd, each, resentful flies out—
"You saucy wretch, I'll tear your eyes out."
Should e'er a hapless maiden prove
The pining cares of secret love,
The pious nymph, in pray'r, will kneel
That kindred pangs her swain may feel;
But when to Cupid's yoke he bows,
And at her feet pours forth his vows,
Starting at such a gross offence,
She frowns on his impertinence;
Deaf to his sighs, the obdurate fair
Consigns him o'er to black despair.
But sorrow will to suicide goad,
He swears he'll fly life's wretched load,
Since there are many handy ways
To end an hopeless lover's days,
A pistol, penknife, or a rope;
Melting at which, she bids him hope;
"Fain would she lead a vestal life,
"But if she *must* become a wife,
"But to arrest his fleeting breath;
"Lo! can she cause a lover's death?
"Such murder is her great aversion;"
And true, no doubt, is her assertion.
Ye fair, "I've finished my design,
"And told the truth in ev'ry line,"
And trust, beyond a cavil prov'd,
Tho' ladies love, or are belov'd,
They to mankind may bid defiance,
To boast of an *undue* compliance;
For tho', perhaps, they may adore them,
They still attend to just decorm.

Your humble servant,

OBSERVER.

CONTENTMENT, PEACE, AND HEALTH.

In rural ease let me enjoy
Contentment, peace, and health;
The happy mean, so rarely found,
Nor poverty nor wealth.

Let meek ey'd, sensibility,
Sweet innocence, and love,
With friendship thou Angelic guest!
Be present where I rove.

May virtue guide, and prudence guard
Th' effusions of the soul,
Let reason, sense, and wit refin'd,
Unite the perfect whole.

Thus let me live in rural ease,
Glide calmly to the end,
When dead, be graven on each heart,
A warm and steady friend.

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